

The Taste Of The Floor

Have Heart

The taste of the floor reminds me of the skin
that leaves me in oceans of my soul
without a shore

So alone
so we'll hold
those barren bodies
bereft of any soul
to get back what
the "middle of the nights" stole:
the forgetting feeling of feeling whole

But the loneliness
of our togetherness
creates an empty nest
for the emptiness
freezing in this chest

So can you make me feel good?
make me feel complete?
help me return to a dream of love
worth more than
dirt and meat